

'MADE IN IRELAND' LABEL WORKING WONDERS FOR TRADE REVIVAL IN ERIN

Its Use a Guarantee of Good Texture—Second
Letter From The Evening World's
Special Correspondent.

Second of a series of articles on the great transformation now in progress in Ireland, which is fast taking the Green Isle out of the misery that caused her to be described as "the most distressed country that ever yet was seen." Other articles will be printed from time to time describing industrial, patriotic, artistic and educational changes in the four provinces of the country.

(Special Correspondence of The Evening World.)

By MARY SYNON,
Special Commissioner from the Gaelic League to
Report on the Irish Revival.

CORK, Ireland, June 25, 1912.

At the custom house in Queenstown, that low, red building that affords the American traveller his first experience of European baggage-smashing, there were to-day a half dozen Irishwomen of the type made famous in the "Sweet Little Buttercup" of "Pinafore" waiting for the tender to take them out to an anchoring steamer for the disposal of the goods they carried in their wicker hamper. They were so busy with their talk of trade, their gossip of the shops, their domestic narrations, that they failed to see a seventh woman, also laden with a hamper, until she had almost passed them to the tender. When they did sight her, they waited for no council of war to determine her fate. They moved forward until they had her at the water's edge. They told her in Irish their exact opinion of her.

Confessed, their idea of the other woman might be expressed in the one word, "Sassenach." If print were able to give any idea of the scorn an Irishwoman can put into that term of hatred of the Briton. As she was not English, she answered them in kind. But they were seven to one, and she had to trail the banner of defeat.

"What did she do to you?" I asked one of the victors.

All of them answered. "She hadn't the trade-mark, ma'am." "She was trying to cut across us." "Never a sign of the trade-mark does she ever have on the ware she brings."

"What trade-mark?" I had to ask. "Why, the trade-mark of Ireland, ma'am, they chorused."

Then they made haste to show the little triangular pennant with the circle of Gaelic letters and the words, "Irish Trade-Mark," that mark the concreteness of the country's industrial rehabilitation.

MUST HAVE THE LABEL OR THERE IS TROUBLE.

It was very unbusinesslike, this tag of trade, and in a country that originated the boycott its effectiveness promises to become almost sinister. For the Gaelic words that translate into "Made in Erin" represent the national idea expressed in industry as well as in language. All the women who carry out their wares to the transatlantic steamers that make stops at Queenstown carry only the goods that are marked with this label. The outsider who breaks in upon their monopoly finds herself in the position of a strike-breaker, and worse than that, she makes herself an expatriate by her act. For she is using the fact of the interest in Ireland of the passing traveller to sell articles that are competing with Irish trade. And in these days of the Gaelic League and the Industrial Development Society, competition with Irish industry of foreign made goods is as real a scar as any in the old rack-rent times. And the Irish trade-mark is its banner.

The emblem, secured by an Act of Parliament (passed by Mr. Boland, member for a Kerry district, at first marked only the goods produced under the immediate direction of those schools started by the League for the encouragement of cottage craft. Its usefulness, however, was so apparent, standing as it did for a sterling article in every case, that shopkeepers other than patriots began to take it up because of its guaranty of quality. The Irish shopkeeper is naturally more conservative

Irish Workers and Their "Erin-Made" Goods Bring Trade Revival and Prosperity to Ireland



COSTUME OF IRISH POPLIN AND CASHMERE EMBROIDERED IN TURQUOISE AND SHADES OF GOLD

home and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather.

CATTLE TRADE KILLED THEY TURNED TO SHEEP.

"Our cattle trade, as we tried when farming. The sheepbreeders of England immediately took alarm and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest enemy of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel and broadcloth in England raised up in arms, and by an act of William III, the woolen industry of Ireland was extinguished and 20,000 manufacturers left the island.

"And it was so along the line of other industries."

AMERICA'S AID KEPT WHOLE DISTRICTS GOING.

These conditions, intensified by the poverty of the congested districts, conspired not in people but in the inability of the land to give sustenance to the people who tilled it, continued even after parliamentary measures had given relief on paper—to the majority of Irish people. Whole districts of Ireland were largely supported, not more than five years ago, by American remittances. The North of Ireland was almost the only industrial centre.

But to-day, between Queenstown and Cork the passenger train ran through a country that is finding comparative prosperity through the industrial change. The market for Irish wares at Queenstown and Cork has opened up the cottage industry. Women and

girls can work in their homes in the making of exquisite lace and embroideries. In one of the Queenstown shops is a tablecloth of Irish crochet awaiting shipment to a great New York department store. It required the labor of two girls working one year to complete it. Remembering this, its price seems low, and yet to-day I saw the cottage where the two girls are at work upon another such cloth, and I saw, too, the brother who did not have to go to America because of the reward of their labor.

For the brother, too, a strapping lad of twenty, the industrial revival is accomplishing something. The Cork schools have taught him market gardening, heretofore neglected in Ireland because of the custom that any improvement made on the land by a tenant forced him into payment of higher rent to the landlord. Thus it came about that Ireland, endowed with a climate that should have made her the market garden of Europe, had no incentive to progress in this line. When the man who raises excellent vegetables finds his rent so raised that he has to emigrate, his neighbor has no desire to go through a similar experience. But now, with the changed rental system, Ireland has the land and her disposal, and there are schools to teach her how to make the best of her heritage.

TRANSFORMING FARM METHODS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Already the results show in the markets where strawberries of huge size and wonderful lusciousness vie with gooseberries big as plums at this season. Already market gardens are taking prizes at the fairs. Modern methods of farming have been introduced. Modern machinery is being installed. In the neighborhood of Cork there is a farm conducted by the Brothers of Providence that is almost world famous for its equipment. And since such hundreds of boys are in training for good, solid citizenship at the institution, the significance of the agricultural training cannot be underestimated.

Here in Cork the Cork Industrial Development Association is having an exhibition of Irish industries that is interesting in showing that even if Irish lace should go out of fashion, a contingency not anticipated by those who know the many varieties and the exquisite beauty of many of the hand-made laces, the Irish industries would receive no serious setback. For there are here displayed such linens and embroideries as

fashions never change, so perfect are they in themselves, and every thread made here," says the rosy checked guide with pride.

Teleaks of fairy fineness, Connemara marbles wrought into magnificent bracelets and quaint jewelry, potteries of rare colorings, jewelry of charming settings, all bearing in some way the revived designs best known to the outside world through the beauty of the Book of Kells, the most illuminated manuscript in the world, gleam in the shop display. But for genuine importance the linens, from the sheer handkerchiefs to the stately tablecloths, promise the greatest future. The poplins, the balbriggans, the Younghill wool coats, light as thistledown and warm as a blanket, stand for heavier service and a more lasting commerce than the lace could seem to indicate. But, apparently, Ireland has caught the fancy of the commercial world by the beauty of her products, just as she caught the fancy of the literary world by the beauty of her poetry.

All through the district covered by the Industrial Development Society, schools for lacemaking have been in operation, so that now there are very few girls in southwestern Ireland who do not combine with their beauty the art of lacemaking. Official visitors report a generally improved condition of living, resulting from the increase of work and its consequent stimulus.

Noticeable throughout the Cork district is the fact that everywhere the language revival and the industrial revival are more closely allied than merely in time.

Wherever the Gaelic tongue is spoken, it is almost certain to find some phase of the new economic interest. One cottage just on the outskirts of the city reveals this distinctly. The father and mother knew no Gaelic, having been taught at the time that Gaelic was banished from the schools. They had remained on the tiny farm, probably because of their unwillingness to emigrate rather than because of any hope for a brighter future. But their children have something to look forward to. The two eldest, girls, are expert crocheters, practically supporting the family by their earnings. The third, a son, has just transformed the farm into a market garden, taught by his industrial college training of methods and values. And the three younger children, Gaelic in their hearts and learning Gaelic. In this household the father and mother have been taught their native language by their children, as well as taught methods of industry that are making the family comparatively prosperous.

GIVE MEN RIGHTS, IS THE DOCTRINE OF SUFFRAGISTS

No Wife Should Take All of
Her Husband's Wages,
Says Mrs. C. A.
Hughton.

WIVES OUGHT TO HELP.

They Should Not Keep Their
Earnings Out of the Family Fund.

Marguerite Moores Marshall.
That much-abused and grossly neglected person, the American wife, again to the fore. Now it is William Hard, magazine sociologist and author of "The Women of Tomorrow," who submits a legislative programme in behalf of married women to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, meeting in San Francisco.

"The wife's earnings should belong to her," vehemently vociferates Mr. Hard. "There is just one case in which a wife should be charged with her husband's support—when he is infirm and unable to work."

"Husband and wife should have precisely equal rights in the custody of their children," he adds. "They should have equal rights to the services and earnings of their children, and to the arrangement of their children's property."

THE WOMAN GETS HER SHARE WHETHER OR NO.

It seems to me that most sensible men and women will agree as to the justice of this latter paragraph. But why should a wife be entitled to the whole of her earnings any more than a husband is entitled to the whole of his? Even if there are no children, a man has to give a certain percentage of his wages to the woman he marries. The courts have so decided over and over again. A man may be separated or even divorced; he has to divide his pay envelope just the same. The only exception ever made to this rule is when the wife has been guilty of gross misconduct and, presumably, will be looked after by some other man.

The "gentle grafter" has always been one of my pet aversions. The lady who believes that while it may be more blessed to give it is certainly more comfortable to receive. Suspecting that I might find a sympathizer, I asked Mrs. A. C. Hughton, chairman of the Public Demonstration Committee of the Woman's Suffrage party, if she thought a married wage-earner should let her husband pay all the household bills.

"A wife ought to be as valuable an economic factor as her husband in the partnership of marriage," Mrs. Hughton declared. "If, through improper education, she is not his economic equal, she should give as much as she can. Certainly if she is a wage-earner she has no more right than her husband to keep all her salary out of the common fund."

"Probably the money question is responsible for more marital unhappiness than any other thing. There are two very wrong but very common ways of solving this problem. In one case the husband has the only pocketbook. His wife works for her board and lodging and such few clothes as she can wheedle out of her lord when he is in a good temper. She becomes the household drudge, and the man of the house swaggers about loudly declaring that 'women ain't fit to handle money.'"

MANY WIVES TAKE ALL THE MONEY AND RUN UP BILLS.

"This is of course an abominable state of affairs. But the wife is not always the patient, accomplished victim. Many an American husband turns over every penny he makes to the woman he marries, receiving back from her a meagre allowance for carfare and

lunches. Perhaps she runs up extra bills; if she does, he struggles meekly to pay them, and consoles himself with the fact that Mary and the girls look 'better' any body in town. He breaks down from overwork in his early manhood, and nobody has anything but pity for his family.

"This isn't the right way to do business, either. The only fair and square settlement of the vexed question of matrimonial finances is the three pocketbook system. That is, the husband should have his private allowance, the wife have an equally equal one—and the rest of their earnings should go into the joint fund for home and children."

"If a woman continues to go to her office after marriage her household arrangements must be on a different scale from that which they would be if she stayed at home. One or more extra servants will be required. Or perhaps it will seem best to live in an apartment hotel or at a boarding house."

WIFE SHOULD BE HER HUSBAND'S HELPMATE.

"Now it would be manifestly unfair for that woman to spend all her salary on her own clothes, or deposit it to her own account at the bank, and let her husband pay rent or servants' wages or board for the two of them, and perhaps later on, for the children. A woman who marries takes upon herself certain obligations. She is to be her husband's helpmate, and that most emphatically means that she should sit back and let him pay the bills."

"Then you believe in men's rights, as well as women's?" I suggested. "Indeed I do!" Mrs. Hughton asserted warmly. "So do all suffragists. We have always said that things are too hard for the men. If they weren't, Kipling never would have written his bitter bachelor's creed—

"Strong hearts faint by a warm hearthstone."

He travels the fastest who travels alone. "Everywhere nowadays you hear men saying, 'I'd like to marry, but I simply can't afford it.' So they put marriage off year after year, delaying their own and some woman's happiness until perhaps it disappears altogether. Because, other things being equal, people who marry in early life are apt to be happier than the couples who wait. The young husbands and wives are more easily adaptive and grow together with less difficulty."

"I'm ready for the delayed marriage, simply the popular chorus. 'Put Your Wife to Work.' Only the self-respecting wife to-day doesn't have to 'put' to work. She was a wage earner before ever she met her husband, and she asks nothing better than to continue doing the work she has come to love."

DEAF AND DUMB BOXER HELD FOR KILLING IN RING

New York Youth Dies From
Effects of Blow in Fight
in Yonkers.

Joseph Dragons, nineteen, of No. 145 Thompson street, New York, a wagon driver when not fighting in the prize ring, was arrested in Yonkers last night, following his fight with George Nussim, known as Young Ducey, before the Getty Athletic Club.

In the second round of what was to have been a four-round bout Dragons hit Nussim a wicked punch in the head, which caused the latter to fall with a crash. The injured fighter was rushed to the hospital, where Dr. Krull found he had a fractured skull and that he had suffered internally. He died at 12:30 this morning without regaining consciousness.

Fight fans sitting around the ring had yelled to the referee to stop the fight right after the second round opened, as Nussim was getting much the worst of it.

Police Captain Lent also placed under arrest Referee Thomas Broderick of No. 15 Vineyard avenue, who once fought Joe Gans; also the manager of the club, States Wilkins, of No. 38 Purser place. They were both charged with violation of the State Boxing law.

Capt. Lent notified Coroner Alfred H. Nussim lived at No. 283 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. He was eighteen.

Dragons is deaf and dumb and has fought in prizefights for about two years. He is a featherweight, while his adversary was a welterweight.

NEW AUTO DIRECTORY.

Tell at Glance Name of Owner of
Passing Car.

An automobile directory which will enable persons touring to tell at a glance the name of the owner of a passing car or cars has just been published by James Robbins of No. 177 Broadway, press representative for Lums Park. The directory, the first of its kind ever issued, contains a list of more than 60,000 cars in New York State, their license numbers being given numerically with the owner's name and address opposite. The new book is known as the Robbins Motor Car Directory.

BEATEN WITH BANJO BY WIFE, DECLARES BROOKLYN MAN

Charles Hinman, Importer,
Says She Used Pitchfork
at Other Times.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MOUNT VERNON, July 6.—Banjo and pitchforks, not as musical instruments and implements of husbandry but as weapons of strife, seriously marred the domestic harmony of the Charles Jay Hinman, according to the testimony that is piling up before Justice Tompkins in the White Plains Supreme Court.

Mrs. Hinman, who lives in New Rochelle, appeared before Justice Tompkins as plaintiff in a separation suit, and asked that her husband, a wealthy Brooklyn importer, be compelled to pay her alimony and counsel fees. Justice Tompkins denied the motion on the grounds that Mrs. Hinman was well able to support herself.

The wife alleged that the importer deserted her in October, 1910, taking his daughter with him. Mrs. Hinman declares that when he left her Mr. Hinman said he was "tired of supporting the bunch." This is her only allegation against her husband.

On his side, however, Mr. Hinman declares that his wife possessed a terrible temper, which she manifested without provocation. He declares that she frequently beat him with a banjo and when the banjo wasn't handy she waded into him with a pitchfork. On one occasion, says the importer, Mrs. Hinman threatened to kill him and the child with a pitchfork. He refers to a number of instances when his wife "administered inhuman beatings" to their child and he refers to her "cruel treatment" and "assaults" upon him.

MANY OFF TO EUROPE.

Nine Steamers to Sail To-Day with
Their Cabins Full.

The tide of transatlantic travel is at high tide to-day. The Olympic, Philadelphia, Vaterland, Berlin, Friedrich der Grosse, Moltke, Columbia, Martha Washington and Pennsylvania will leave with cabins full.

More than 650 first class passengers are booked on the Olympic, including the Marquis Cusani Confalonieri, Italian Ambassador to the United States, with the Marchioness and their daughter, Donna Beatrice Cusani Confalonieri; J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and Mme. Jusserand, Henry C. Ide, American Minister to Spain, and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and Miss Kathleen Vanderbilt.

On the Philadelphia are booked E. R. Bacon, First 3d B. B. Bacon, Miss Dorothy Garden, Justice and Mrs. W. Gerard and Andrew J. Onderdonk.

MISTAKE LEADS TO ARREST.

Joy Riders on Bridle Path Charged
With Grand Larceny.

Because two young men who went Joy riding through Central Park in the early hours to-day mistook the bridle path for an automobile drive they are under arrest on the charge of grand larceny. They were Peter O'Conner of No. 33 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street and Arthides Suboumer of No. 48 Third avenue, employed in a garage in West Fifty-second street. Mounted Policeman Taylor saw the automobile speeding along the bridle path at 3 o'clock this morning. He stopped the car and asked the driver if he did not know he was driving on the wrong road and wanted to see his chauffeur's license. O'Conner, who was driving, said he had left it at home. When taken to the police station it was learned that the automobile was the property of Harry France, theatrical manager, of No. 162 Broadway.

FIRE IN HOTEL ST. DENIS.

Early this morning Manager E. A. Downing of the St. Denis Hotel, Eleventh street and Broadway, saw smoke pouring out of the main corridor and dining room of the hotel. He turned in a fire alarm and the blaze was put out without any of the one hundred and eighty-two guests knowing about it.

DO YOU Read Magazines?

In Next SUNDAY'S WORLD MAGAZINE:

"Not Enough Real Homes." A Signed Article by Hon. THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Democratic Nominee for Vice-President.

"Down Into Vesuvius." A First-Person Narrative by Prof. ALESSANDRO MALLADRA, The Daring Italian Scientist.

"Why City People Are Fat." A Signed Article by Prof. DUDLEY S. SARGENT, Director of the Harvard Gymnasium.

"My Greatest Battle." A Signed Article by JOHN L. SULLIVAN, America's Greatest Fighter.

"The Astronomers' Trust." A Signed Article by Prof. E. C. PICKERING, World Famous Astronomer.

"Alone on the Road." A Real Experience Story by FRANCES M'DONALD, Girl Drummer.

"Is New York Kind to Women?" Answered by HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT.

"The Hermit of — Street." A Fiction Story by ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

"Platonic Friendship—Not." A Kitty Cobb Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

"A Yankee Millionaire." Words and Music of A ROSE MAID SONG HIT.

"A 16-Page Joke Book." The Funniest Issue of "FUN" Ever Printed.

FREE with Next Sunday's World: A Pattern of a Child's Romper Suit

(CUT OUT THE COUPON):— Designed by May Manton.